



CAPTAIN GALLANT

ALL NEW STORIES

Captain

GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

starring
BUSTER CRABBE
and his son
CUFFY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10c



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CAPTAIN GALLANT

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CAPTAIN GALLANT

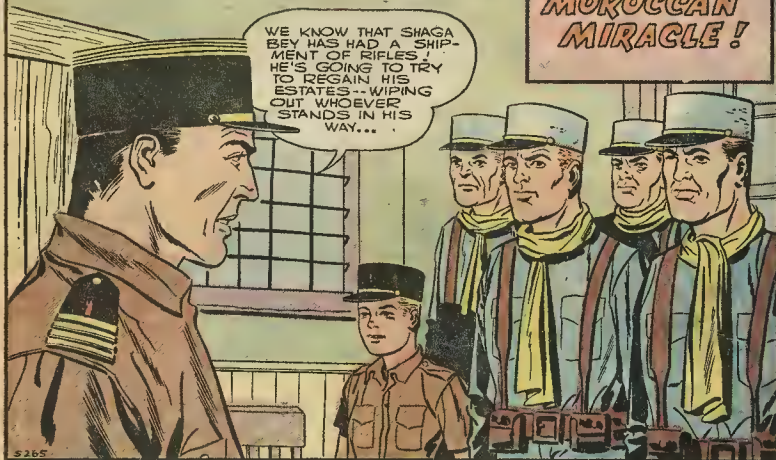


Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

SOUTH OF TANGIER, ON THE NORTHWEST COAST OF AFRICA, THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IS CHARGED WITH KEEPING PEACE OVER THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF SHIMMERING DESERT--ROAMING TRIBES OF CAMEL-MOUNTED REBELS, MARAUDING BANDS OUT FOR LOOT, MAKE THEIR TASK SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE, YET... THE LEGIONNAIRES, LED BY **CAPTAIN GALLANT**, MANAGE TO GET IT DONE... WITH THE HELP OF A...

**MOROCCAN
MIRACLE!**



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE SEETHING CALDRON OF NORTH AFRICA BRED PLOT AND COUNTER - PLOT ! SPIES HIRED OUT TO BOTH SIDES AND CAPTAIN GALLANT NEVER KNEW IF HIS HIRED INFORMERS WERE LOYAL TO HIM OR THE ENEMY...

THE SHAGA BEY RECEIVED THE GUNS, GREAT ONE ! THEY ARE BURIED IN TRACK-LESS SAND ! NOT EVEN SHAGA BEY CAN FIND THEM WITHOUT HIS GUIDE !

IF HE FINDS THEM HE'LL BLOW NORTH AFRICA OFF THE MAP !



KEEP AFTER THE INFORMATION, AHMED ! REPORT IF YOU LEARN ANYTHING !

I COMPLY, CAPTAIN ! HIS BAND OF CUT-THROATS IS NOT F 2 FROM HERE !



I'M RIDING OUT TO THE OASIS TO MEET CUFFY, FUZZY ! TELL SERGEANT BRODSKY TO FINISH THE REST OF THE PAPER WORK ! WE MARCH TOMORROW !

YES SIR ! I'VE GOT TO RUB DOWN JOSEPHINE, MY CAMEL, AFTER THAT !



THE NEAREST OASIS WAS SIX MILES OUTSIDE OF CAMP ! CAPTAIN GALLANT'S FLEET ARABIAN STALLION CARRIED HIM THERE QUICKLY -- HE WAS WORRIED...

AHMED SAID SHAGA BEY'S GANG WAS NEAR HERE ! I HOPE CUFFY'S OKAY !



ABDULLAH ! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS !

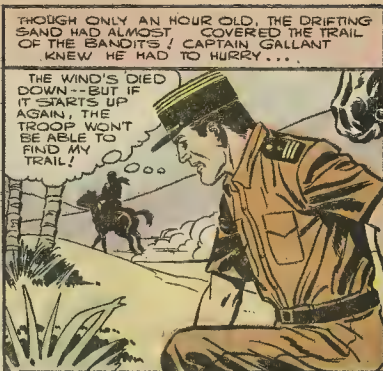


WHERE'S CUFFY ? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?

THE SHAGA BEY ! HE WAS HERE IN THE OASIS ! I WAS PULLED FROM MY HORSE BEFORE I KNEW WE WERE NOT ALONE !



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

LET HIM THINK AND ACQUIRE FEAR
IN THE NIGHT, ALI SHEV!
TIE HIM IN THE SUPPLY
TENT!



AT THE FIRES OUTSIDE, THE BORDER GUERRILLAS
TALKED OF THEIR PLANS FOR A VAST UPRISING,
THE SMUGGLED ARMS THE KEY TO SUCCESS...



THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION ARE
SAFE WHERE YOU HID THEM,
ALI SHEV! FIRST WE RE-
CRUIT OUR MEN, THEN WE
PASS OUT THE GUNS!
ON THE TENTH OF NEXT
MONTH, WE SWOOP
DOWN ON TANGIER!

THE TRIBES WILL RISE AND
FOLLOW ME! I SHALL BE
SULTAN OF ALL MOROCCO!



DESPITE HIS BRAVADO, CUFFY,
THE LEGION MASCOT, WAS A
LITTLE FREIGHTENED! HE
JUMPED WHEN HE HEARD...



CUFFY! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT!

I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT OF THERE
IN A MINUTE,
CUFFY!



SIR--I'M
GLAD YOU'RE
HERE, BUT
I HEARD
THEIR PLANS!
THEY'RE GO-
ING TO ATTACK
TANGIER ON
THE TENTH OF
NEXT MONTH!
I COULD
LEARN
MORE...

... IF I STAY TILL
TOMORROW NIGHT!
THEY'RE RESTING
THE CAMELS HERE
TOMORROW! IT
MIGHT BE IM-
PORTANT!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE LEGIONNAIRE'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO SUIT THE TENT, THEN GET CUFFY FREE -- THEN HE REALIZED WHAT WAS AT STAKE! MOROCCO, POSSIBLY ALL OF NORTH AFRICA...

I'LL BE CLOSE BY WHEN YOU NEED ME! KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN AND, CUFFY, THE TROOP IS COMING!



SHAGA BEY AND HIS MEN RESTED AT THE WATERHOLE ALL THAT DAY... WHILE CAPTAIN GALLANT WATCHED THE BACK TRAIL FOR HIS MEN...



THE SWIFT DESERT NIGHT FELL WITH NO SIGN OF THE LEGIONNAIRES, AND THEN CAPTAIN GALLANT SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM PALE...

MAKE NO TROUBLE, SMALL ONE. OR RETRIBUTION WILL BE SWIFT! WE GO TO GET MEN AND GUNS!



GUNS CACHED NEAR HERE, SHAGA BEY, I'LL GO AHEAD!



WHILE THE ARABS HALF DOZED IN THEIR SADDLES, CUFFY HAD SPOTTED CAPTAIN GALLANT RIDING IN THE REAR! HE SUDDENLY WRENCHED THE REINS FREE FROM THE ARAB AND...



RIDE, CUFFY! I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!



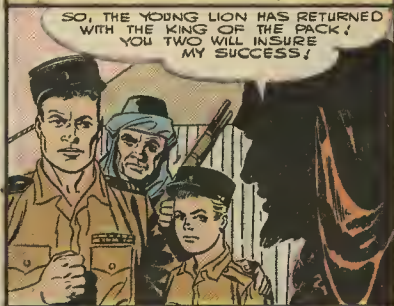
CAPTAIN GALLANT



MOUNTED ON INFERIOR STEEDS, THE PURSUERS DROPPED BACK...AND THE TWO LEGIONNAIRES WERE SAFE UNTIL THEY TOPPED A DUNE AND...



THE INFURIATED DESERT CHIEFTAIN GREETED THE RETURNED PRISONERS WITH A PITILESS STARE! HE SAW HOW HIS PLANS WERE MADE FOOLPROOF...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THROUGH THE RED MIST OF RAGE, CAPTAIN GALLANT FELT HIMSELF BEING DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN! THEN...



WORD CAME IN FROM OUTLYING TRIBES -- THEY WOULD RIDE IF THE SHAGA BEY SUPPLIED GOLD AND ARMS -- AND HE HAD BOTH...

ARE THE GUNS STILL THERE! HAVE THEY BEEN DISTURBED?

THE DESERT IS HUGE AND ONLY A MIRACLE COULD LEAD AN UNKNOWN-ING ONE TO THE CACHE -- BUT IF IT CAME TO PASS, THE AREA IS MINED!



I WISH I HAD TIME TO DO IT PROPERLY, FOREIGNERS! BUT I AM TOO BUSY TO SEE YOUR... WHAT IS IT?



THEN CAPTAIN GALLANT CAUGHT THE MUFFLED CADENCE OF HOOVES IN SAND! THE FOREIGN LEGION HAD ARRIVED...

LEGIONNAIRES, CHAA - AARGE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE
TERRIFIED
WOLVES
OF THE
DESERT
COULDN'T
FACE THE
TERRIBLE
CHARGE
OF THE
HARD-
BITTEN
LEGIONNAIRES!
THEY TURNED
AND RAN
FOR
SAFETY...
BUT NOT
FAST
ENOUGH...



SHAGA BEY HAD THOUSANDS OF
SQUARE MILES OF UNMAPED
DESERT AHEAD AND A FAST
HORSE UNDER HIM -- THEN THE
MIRACLE HAPPENED...



LATER, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT
BRODSKY STILL COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT
HAD HAPPENED TO SHAGA BEY...

YOU MEAN HE RODE
OVER THE CACHED
AMMO, SIR? AND THE
ARAB WHO HID IT HAD
IT MINED?

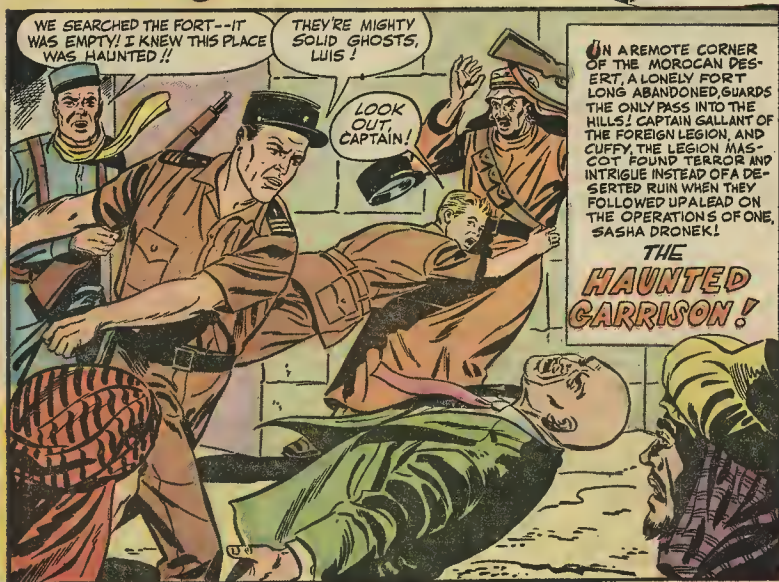
THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT!
SHAGA BEY WOULD BE
FREE RIGHT NOW TO
CONTINUE HIS DEVILISH
WORK IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR A
MIRACLE!



THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

Captain GALLANT



ON A REMOTE CORNER OF THE MOROCCAN DESERT, A LONELY FORT LONG ABANDONED, GUARDS THE ONLY PASS INTO THE HILLS! CAPTAIN GALLANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AND CUFFY THE LEGION MASCOT FOUND TERROR AND INTRIGUE INSTEAD OF A DESERTED RUIN WHEN THEY FOLLOWED UP A LEAD ON THE OPERATIONS OF ONE, SASHA DRONEK!

THE HAUNTED GARRISON!

THE AFFAIR STARTED THREE DAYS BEFORE --- CAPTAIN GALLANT AND CUFFY WERE OFF-POST FOR A HOLIDAY ---

LOOK, CAPTAIN--THERE'S ONE OF THE MEN WHOSE PICTURE YOU HAVE IN YOUR OFFICE!

YOU'VE GOT GOOD EYES, CUFFY! HE'S WANTED FOR SABOTAGE BY THE FOREIGN LEGION!

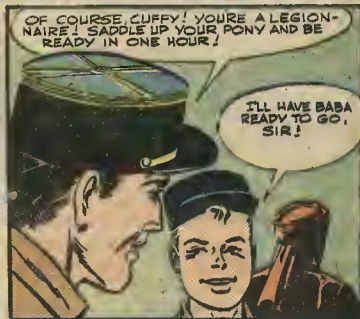
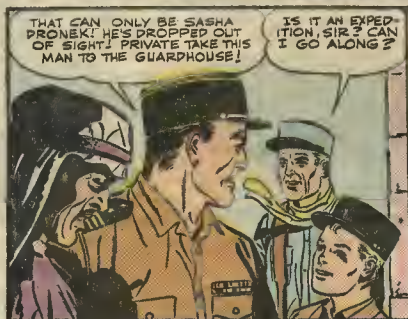
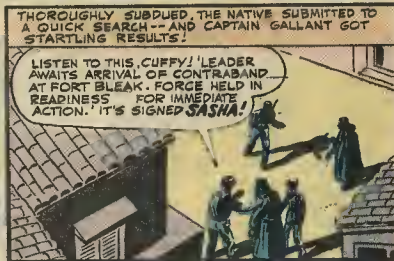


JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

FOREIGN DOG! WE WILL SOON BE RID OF YOU!



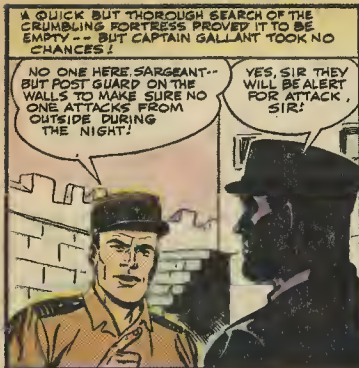
CAPTAIN GALLANT



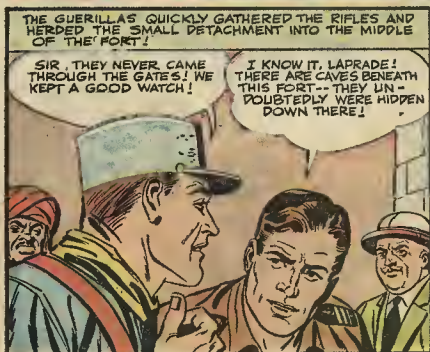
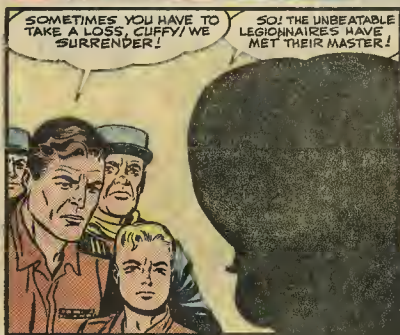
ONE HOUR LATER THE FAMOUS CAMEL CORPS WAS ON ITS WAY TO THE REMOTE FORTRESS IN THE HILL! THREE DAYS LATER, THEY ARRIVED!



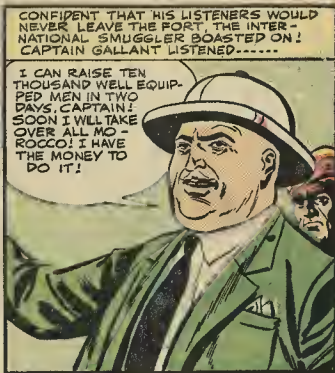
CAPTAIN GALLANT



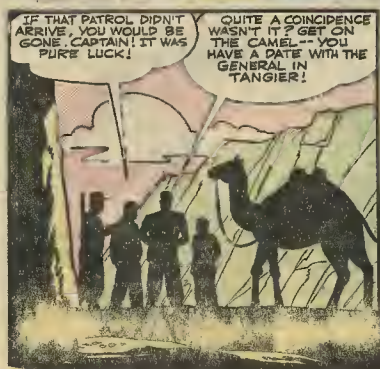
CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE END

FOUR WINDOWS TO FREEDOM

It was the typical spring day about which poets like to write. And would-be artists find ideal as inspiration for their paint sets. To Professor John Symmonds it meant a chance to be alone and walk. He had told his secretary he would be away for only an hour. But being typically absent-minded, he had kept on walking. His car was parked at the end of the road. Suddenly, he became aware of the presence of five uniformed soldiers. Each was armed.

"You are entering the forbidden zone," said the junior officer in his 'book English.' "In the name of our Party I arrest you."

"What kind of nonsense is this?" demanded the professor. "I was just taking a walk. I am on our side of the frontier. You just go ahead with your business and I shall return home."

"You come with us to the colonel," shouted the junior officer. "If you run away we will shoot!"

The soldiers loaded into a truck the unhappy specialist who was well versed in weather. They drove for an hour then stopped before a large stone building. Five minutes later the professor faced the colonel.

"We are glad you came over to our side," began the Senior Officer in charge of Zone K, "and I wish to compliment you. Your knowledge of weather conditions will be a great asset to us, Professor Symmonds. We shall do everything in our power to provide you with the finest scientific instruments you need for your work."

The professor was absent-minded, but he wasn't crazy. He had enough sense to know the enemy had planned this for a long time. They might have even moved the frontier markers away, so as to fool him. He would make one outward attempt to demand his release. If this failed, he would figure out some way to get back to the land of freedom.

"I do not notify my government. I am at present working for the United States Navy. Unless you release me at once there will be

diplomatic consequences of the highest nature."

"You have a remarkable flow of language," snapped back the colonel. "Later you will be able to communicate with your family and notify them you are alive. Relax and don't overtax your heart. We know all about your physical condition. You mustn't get excited. It could be fatal."

The weather specialist shrugged his shoulders. No use getting high blood pressure and dropping dead on the uncomfortable carpet. He would stall for more time.

"I assume that, since you know so much about me, colonel, you will be the officer in charge of my well-being and of my scientific activity. At the moment I am hungry. I want a two pound sirloin steak smothered in onions. French-fried potatoes not too well done. Then apple pie and coffee."

"Such a meal is fit for men of your rank and mine," replied the Senior Officer. "I shall join you."

Mrs. Jean Symmonds had been notified of the disappearance of her husband. The twins, James and Herbert, were a bit too young to be told the sad news. However, Commander Franklin D. Meadows, of Naval Intelligence, had a bit of cheerful news for Mrs. Symmonds.

"In his spare time, your husband was working with some of our code experts. He had several sound theories about developing new type codes. Eventually, if he is alive, he will communicate with you. Save that message and notify us at once. Our experts will break it down and find any hidden message your husband can get past the enemy censors."

For two months the professor had been assembling scientific equipment at Secret Station 2PQ. But as yet he had done nothing about weather conditions.

"I will be able to assemble the weather data you need shortly," he informed his constant guard and companion, the colonel. "But not until all this equipment has been tested. I want to write a letter to my wife."

"Not yet," replied the colonel. "Perhaps in a month or so."

"Now," contradicted the professor with evident determination in his voice. "Your country regards me as the top expert in my field. If I get excited and drop dead, what will happen to you? Bet they either execute you or send you to a labor camp. I want to send a simple letter to my wife. We are going to build a summer home in Center Moriches, Long Island."

The colonel realized the professor held the whip hand. So he gave him paper and a pen.

"Go ahead and write your message. But don't try to tell your wife where you are," he warned.

Professor Symmonds wrote the message briefly. Yet he had spent all his spare time figuring it out. The colonel took the sheet of paper and read:

"Jean Dearest:

I am treated well and like the people. Will probably be here the rest of my life. There is sufficient money for you and the twins in the trust account. You can start building the summer home at Center Moriches. It will be pleasant to face the South Bay. The way Long Island runs, it would be ideal to have a house with all the windows and all rooms facing South. Then neither you, the twins, nor your parents, will argue about having the choice room. Don't spend more than eighteen thousand dollars for the house. Notify me two weeks from today on Radio Station PQ5A that you have my message. I have a short-wave set and will listen.

Love to all,
Your affectionate husband,
John."

Three censors and two code experts gave their opinion to the colonel. They had studied the message carefully.

"Your agents in America have checked that he has this piece of property and was going to build a house. No code concealed. Send it."

When Mrs. Symmonds received the message, she contacted Commander Franklyn D. Meadows at once. He read the letter through twice and smiled.

"I know where your husband is being held. We will send four of our planes disguised to look like the enemies. We will pick a group of men who speak the enemy's language. Don't worry, we'll have your husband back soon."

One look at Mrs. Symmonds face and you could see the word "Surprise" written all over it.

"May I look at that message again," she half pleaded. "All I can get out of it is the fact that he wants me to go ahead and build our dream house. I see no reason why I should not call up Harrington & Blake, the builders, and tell them to start at once.

Commander Meadows laughed, for he knew the letter was not an order to Mrs. Symmonds to build the house.

"Your husband once remarked that the greatest adventure of all was the challenge of the human mind. He matched his ability with the enemies' censors who read this message and then passed it. However, I am going to check with Mr. Perlman, head of our Code Division to see if he agrees with my conclusion. You will forgive me if I do not tell you where your husband is just yet."

Walter Perlman read the message but twice and then handed it back to the commander.

"I agree with your conclusion," he remarked. "Go ahead with your operation to rescue the professor. I would like to keep this letter and frame it. I shall call your rescue operations Four Windows To Freedom."

It was a cold clear day. Two large American transport planes landed with a tough group of commando soldiers under direction of Commander Meadows. There was a slight show of resistance but the enemy surrendered at once. Professor Symmonds merely remarked to his rescuers:

"I see that my message was properly interpreted. Believe me, I'll be glad to put my two feet on American soil again."

The colonel pleaded to be taken back to America and for good reason.

"They will kill me for my stupidity. Take me with you and I will give you a lot of useful information."

So they took the colonel with them. Later in America he asked the commander the sixty-four dollar question.

"How did you figure out that we were holding the professor at the North Pole?"

"The key was in the words: '... to have a house with all windows and rooms facing South.'" explained the commander. "There is only one place in the world where such a house actually can be built. It is at the North Pole! There every window and every room must face South."

The End

Captain GALLANT *in* JOSEPHINE'S RIVAL

IN THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION, THERE WAS NEVER A ROMANCE TO EQUAL THE ONE BETWEEN FUZZY AND JOSEPHINE -- THE FIRST A LEGIONNAIRE, THE SECOND HIS EVER LOVIN' CAMEL! BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE IN PARADISE WHEN A SLOE-EYED BELLE CAME BETWEEN FUZZY AND HIS DESERT SWEETHEART!

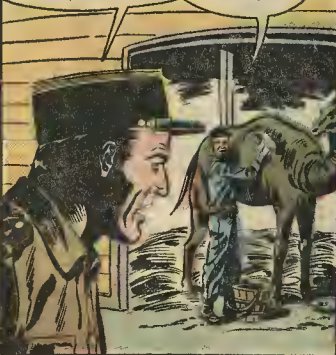
YOU GOT THE SWEETEST EYES, HONEYBEE! AND YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON THE DESERT.... WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID I SAY SOMETHIN' WRONG?

STOP! THAT.... MONSTER IS BACK AGAIN!

FUZZY'S AFFAIRS OF THE HEART BECAME ENTANGLED A WEEK PRIOR TO THE TOUCHING SCENE ABOVE... WHEN FUZZY CAME UNDER THE STERN EYE OF CAPTAIN GALLANT!

FUZZY! YOU MISSED MUSTER AT ONE O'CLOCK! REPORT TO THE OFFICE!

YES, SIR, CAPTAIN, RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



SEE? YOU GOT ME IN TROUBLE, JOSEPHINE! NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF 'TILL I GET BACK!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



RECKONS
AS ORDERED.
CAPTAIN!

YOU KNOW YOU'VE
GOT PUNISHMENT
COMING, FUZZY--
BUT IT *WOULDN'T* BE EXTRA
DUTY OR THE GUARD-
HOUSE IT'LL BE
SOMETHING ELSE...

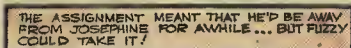


GET THAT EXPRESSION OFF
YOUR SILLY FACE! NOT YOU,
FUZZY-- THAT CAMEL OF YOURS!
WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE SUBJECT
YOU'RE A GREAT LADY'S MAN--
AT LEAST JOSEPHINE
THINKS SO!



SOMEONE IS REPORTING
EVERY MOVE WE MAKE! I
HAVE AN IDEA IT'S ONE OF
THE WOMEN WHO DO THE
LAUNDRY! HER NAME IS
CARLA. LOOK HER UP AND
SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

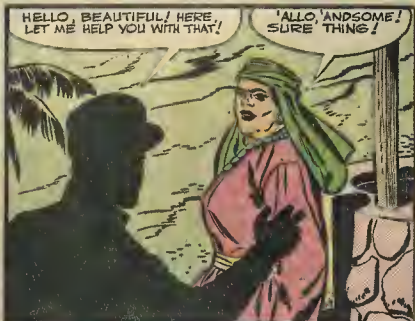
CARLA? I
THINK I KNOW
THE ONE YOU
MEAN, KINDA
PLUMLIKE!



THE ASSIGNMENT MEANT THAT HE'D BE AWAY
FROM JOSEPHINE FOR AWHILE... BUT FUZZY
COULD TAKE IT!

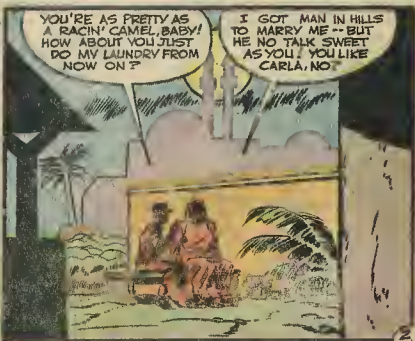


HONEST, JOSEPHINE, I CAN'T HELP IT!
YOU HEARD THE CAPTAIN GIVE ME
THE ORDER YOURSELF! IT WON'T
TAKE LONG!



HELLO, BEAUTIFUL! HERE
LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT!

'ALLO, AND SOME!
SURE THING!



YOU'RE AS PRETTY AS
A RACIN' CAMEL, BABY!
HOW ABOUT YOU JUST
DO MY LAUNDRY FROM
NOW ON?

I GOT MAN IN HILLS
TO MARRY ME-- BUT
HE NO TALK SWEET
AS YOU, YOU LIKE
CARLA, NO?

CAPTAIN GALLANT

THIS MAN YOU TALKED ABOUT...
IS HE IN ONE OF THE REBEL
GANGS? LOOK HERE'S A
FLOWER I BRUNG YOU!

'OW NIZE!
MY MAN IS
GREAT FIGHTER!
GIVE ME FLOWER!



HEY! GET AWAY YOU
MANGY MONSTER!

MANGY! I CURRIED THAT ANIMAL
TWO HOURS TODAY! HE'S A DANG-
ERD SIGHT PRETTIER THAN.....
I MEAN MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!
GET AWAY, JOSEPHINE!



GO AWAY AND
TAKE.... THAT... THAT
ANIMAL WITH YOU!

YOU CAN'T DO... LOOK,
DESERT FLOWER, HOW ABOUT
TOMORROW NIGHT? I'LL SEE
YOU HERE THEN!



HOKAY, 'ANDSOME! TO-
MORROW NIGHT, AND
KEEP FEELTHY ANIMAL
AWAY, HOKAY?

FILTHY ANIMAL! WHY
YOU... SURE SURE
THING, BABY! I'LL TUCK
JOSEPHINE IN BEFORE
I LEAVE!



IT WAS FAR INTO THE NIGHT BEFORE
JOSEPHINE'S TENDER FEELINGS WERE
SOOTHED.... AND JEALOUSY HAD REARED
HER UGLY HEAD!

HONEST, JOSEPHINE, I DIDN'T
MEAN A WORD I SAID! I THINK
SHE'S A MESS! COME ON,
HONEY, DON'T BE MAD!



BUT, AT LAST, ALL WAS FORGIVEN.....



CAPTAIN GALLANT

FUZZY'S CAMPAIGN TO CATCH THE DUSKY SPY WAS RENEWED AGAIN THE NEXT EVENING...THIS TIME WITH BETTER CHANCES FOR SUCCESS!

CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS RIGHT- I'M JUST THE MAN FOR THIS JOB! WHEN IT COMES TO THE FAIR SEX, I'M A WHIZ--WOMEN OR CAMELS!



'ALLO, FUZZY! THAT BEAST NOT WEETH YOU THIS TIME?

NAW, JOSEPHINES TIED UP! LETS SIT BY THE SPRING, HUH? IT'S KINDA ROMANTIC THERE!



SO YOU FORGET THIS GUY IN THE HILLS, SEE? DOES HE COME AROUND MUCH? ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT THE FOREIGN LEGION?

ALL TIME ASK QUESTION! I TELL HEEM, NO? WHY HE ASK, I NOT KNOW!



FUZZY'S EFFORTS WERE PAYING OFF.... BUT IN THE DENSE GROWTH NEAR THE SPRING, A SINISTER NATIVE LURKED LISTENING

LEGIONNAIRE FUZZY MUCH BETTER SWEETHEART! CARLA FORGET OTHER MAN, HOKAY?

GEE HONEY, YOU SURE HAVE PRETTY LIPS!



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KISS, BABY?

HOKAY, 'ANDSOME! CLOSE YOUR EYES FIRST, HAH?

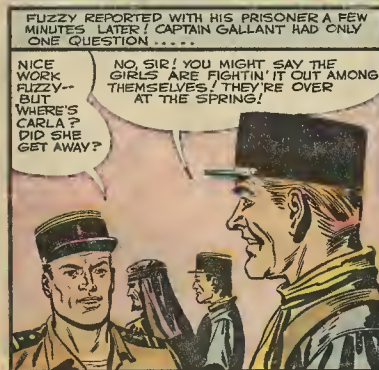
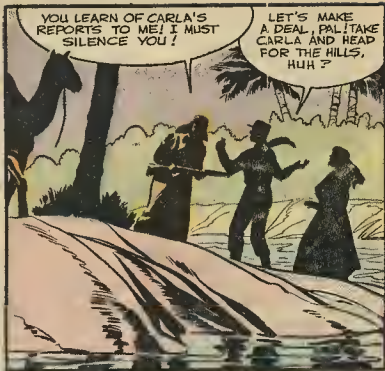


CAN I OPEN 'EM YET, HONEY?

NO! EEF YOU DO-- YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



The SEVEN CITIES of CIBOLA

I HOPE WE MAY RETURN WITH GLORY, MY FRIEND, FRANCISCO! OURS IS THE GREATEST EXPEDITION EVER TO LEAVE SPAIN... A THOUSAND MEN, AND EACH A MEMBER OF A NOBLE HOUSE!

WHEN WE RETURN THE KING HIMSELF WILL GREET US! I HAVE FAITH, CARDENAS! I SOLD MY HOUSE AND MY LAND, AND I'VE MORTGAGED MY REPUTATION TO UNDERTAKE THIS VOYAGE! THE WEALTH OF CIBOLA SHALL BE OURS!

IN 1540 SPAIN WAS THE MASTER OF THE NEW WORLD. MEXICO HAD BEEN CONQUERED AND LOOTED, BUT WILDO Tales OF WEALTH AND SPLENDOR STILL ORIGINATED BACK TO SPAIN ABOUT THE UNEXPLORED LANDS TO THE NORTH WHERE LAY THE FABLED SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA. FRANCISCO VASQUES DE CORONADO, A WEALTHY NOBLEMAN, INSPIRED BY THE LEGENDS, FITTED OUT ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPEDITIONS OF THE ERA...



THE STOUT SHIPS SET SAIL. DURING THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, VICIOUS STORMS ENDANGERED THE EXPEDITION...

WE ARE ROUNDING THE DREAD CAPE OF STORMS NOW, GENERAL CORONADO! BUT WITH GOD'S HELP, THE REST OF THE JOURNEY WILL BE PEACEFUL!

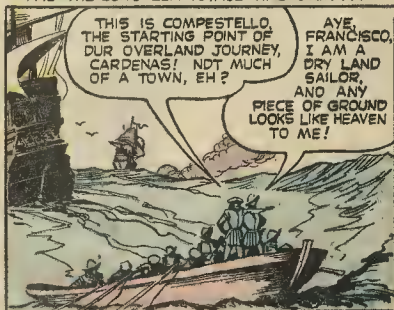
AYE! WITH GOD'S HELP!



AT LAST THE SHIPS DOCKED IN MEXICO, AND THE LONG SEA VOYAGE WAS OVER...

THIS IS COMPESTELLO, THE STARTING POINT OF OUR OVERLAND JOURNEY, CARDENAS! NOT MUCH OF A TOWN, EH?

AYE, FRANCISCO, I AM A DRY LAND SAILOR, AND ANY PIECE OF GROUND LOOKS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

*GORONADO'S ARMY BEGAN THE MARCH
TO NORTHERN MEXICO...*

THIS IS POOR LAND,
FATHER! THE INDIANS
BARELY SCRATCH A LIVING
FROM THE LAND. BUT
WHEN WE REACH CIBOLA,
THINGS WILL BE
DIFFERENT!

WE HOPE YOUR
DREAMS WILL
BE FULFILLED,
MY SON! HO,
HERE COMES
CARDENAS!



FRANCISCO!
THERE IS SICKNESS
AMONG THE
SOLDIERS!
THEY HAVE
BROKEN THE RANKS
AND ARE THROWING
AWAY THEIR PACKS!



IS THIS THE FINEST
BLOOD OF SPAIN? HOW
DO YOU EXPECT TO
REACH CIBOLA? **FORM
YOUR RANKS!**

MY LORD, WE
ARE SICK WITH
FEVER! FIVE
MEN ARE ALREADY
DEAD! WE CAN-
NOT GO ON!



WE CANNOT
LEAVE THEM TO
DIE. BUT HOW
CAN WE REMAIN
IN THIS
WILDERNESS?

THE GARRISON
OF CARAZONE IS
ONE DAY'S MARCH,
CARDENAS! LEAD
OUR ARMY THERE!
I WILL CHOOSE
FIFTY OF OUR BEST
HORSEMEN AND RIDE
TO CIBOLA! WHEN
THE MEN HAVE
RESTED YOU WILL
JOIN ME!



*GO ON TO THE NEW COUNTRY ACROSS THE RIO
GRANDE AND TO FABLED CIBOLA...*

GENERAL, THE
GUIDE REPORTS
THAT THIS DINGY
TOWN BEFORE
US IS **CIBOLA!**

WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!
CIBOLA HAS GREAT DWELLINGS!
HER ROOFS ARE LINEO WITH
GOLD! WHY, THIS IS NOTHING
BUT A PIGSTY! ASK ONE OF
THE NATIVES WHAT THE
TOWN IS CALLED!



THE INDIANS WHO ARE
ZUNI, SAY THAT THIS IS
CIBOLA! THERE ARE
**SIX MORE OF
THESE DWELLINGS**
WHICH ARE CONNECTED
BY TUNNELS THROUGH
THE HILLSIDE!

**THE SEVEN
CITIES OF
CIBOLA!**
FOR THIS FILTHY
HAMLET I LED A
THOUSAND MEN
FROM SPAIN
AND SPENT MY
ENTIRE
FORTUNE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

SUDDENLY THE ZUNI ATTACKED...



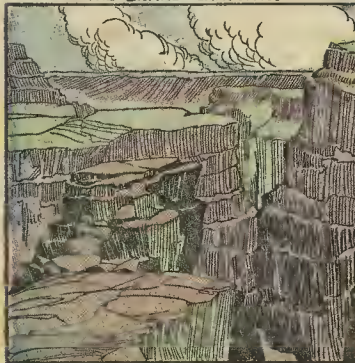
THE INDIANS ARE RUNNING BEFORE OUR CONQUISTADORES! **CIBOLA IS OURS!**

I DO NOT WANT IT! CIBOLA WILL ONLY BE A STOPPING PLACE!

WE SHALL GO ON UNTIL WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE FORTUNE WE CAME TO SEEK!



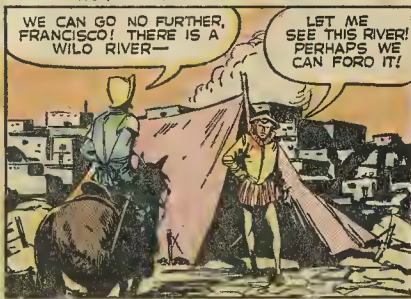
SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, WHITE MEN LOOKED UPON ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF THE WORLD, THE GRAND CANYON...



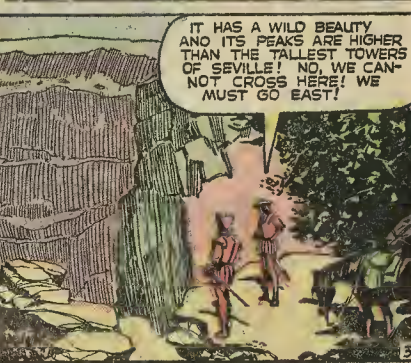
WHEN GENERAL CARDENAS JOINED HIM WITH THE ENTIRE ARMY, CORONADO PUSHED NORTHWARD THROUGH ARIZONA...

WE CAN GO NO FURTHER, FRANCISCO! THERE IS A WILDO RIVER—

LET ME SEE THIS RIVER! PERHAPS WE CAN FORO IT!



IT HAS A WILD BEAUTY AND ITS PEAKS ARE HIGHER THAN THE TALLEST TOWERS OF SEVILLE! NO, WE CANNOT CROSS HERE! WE MUST GO EAST!



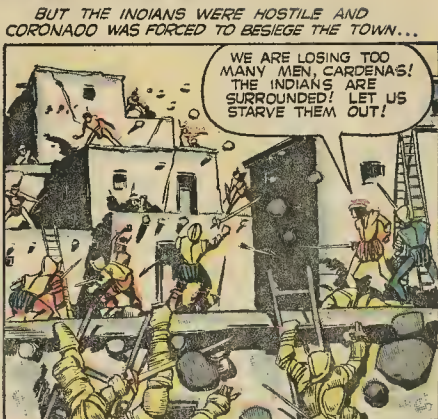
CAPTAIN GALLANT

WEARILY CORONADO'S ARMY
FLOODED ON TO TIGUEZ, WHERE THE
FIRST BUFFALO WERE SEEN...



THE NATIVES
MAKE CLOTHING
FROM THEIR
HIDES! OUR
TROOPS MUST
HAVE NEW
UNIFORMS. LET
US COMMAND
THE NATIVES
OF TIGUEZ TO
SEW FOR US!

THE SIEGE LASTED **FIFTY DAYS!**
FINALLY, WHEN THE INDIANS
ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE...



BUT STILL NO GOLD! AND YET ANOTHER
MYTHICAL TREASURE LAND LURED CORONADO;
THIS TIME TO QUIVIRA...



YOU DOG! YOU
HAVE LED US ASTRAY!
THIS JOURNEY HAS
ALREADY TAKEN HALF
A YEAR! WHERE
IS QUIVIRA?

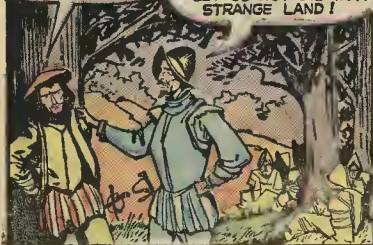
AAAAH! STOP!
I WILL TELL
THE TRUTH!
YES, I HAVE MIS-
LEAD YOU FOR
MY PEOPLE'S
SAKE! QUIVIRA
LIES NORTH OF
HERE!



WHEN QUIVIRA, NEAR THE SITE OF
PRESENT-DAY WICHITA, WAS REACHED...

IT IS A FAIR
COUNTRY... BUT
WHERE IS THE
GOLD WE SEEK?

LET US RETURN,
MY LORD! EVERY
TRAIL WE'VE FOLLOWED
HAS BEEN FALSE!
LET US NOT DIE IN A
STRANGE LAND!



CORONADO
RETURNED TO
MEXICO AN
EMBITTERED MAN.
THE "WASTELAND"
UPON WHICH
CORONADO TURNED
HIS BACK IN
DISGUST IS TODAY
AMERICA'S
SOUTHWEST.
AN EMPIRE OF
INCREDIBLE BEAUTY
AND WEALTH.



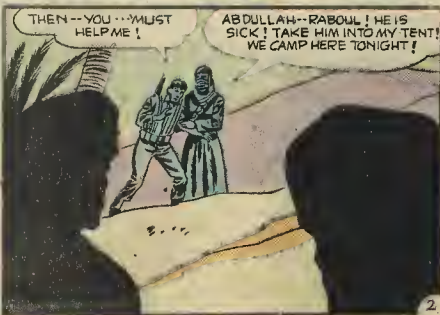
CAPTAIN GALLANT

HOW TO FIGHT A FLITTING SHADOW, HOW TO TRAP AN INVINCIBLE ENEMY, THAT WAS THE MISSION OF SERGEANT JEAN LECLERC -- UNTIL A FORCE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANGER AND HATE GAVE HIM THE ANSWER FOR ---

AN EYE FOR AN EYE



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

MORNING FOUND JEAN RECOVERED, BUT AS HE LOOKED AROUND THE HUGE TENT...

GOOD MORNING, LEGIONNAIRE. YOU SLEPT A DEEP SLEEP!

YOU! -- THEN YOU'RE --



YES -- I AM THE ONE WHO TALKED TO YOU LAST NIGHT. I AM SILYANA, DAUGHTER OF SHIEKH MABDOUL! BUT DRINK THIS!

YOU'RE FAR FROM YOUR OWN PEOPLE -- OUT HERE. AND THANK GOD FOR IT!



YES, I WOULD NOT STAY TO WATCH A TRAITOR USURP THE RULE OF MY FATHER! I WOULD RATHER ROAM THE DESERT WITH MY SOLDIERS THAN BOW TO THE ALLEGIANCE OF KOFRAD HASSIN!

KOFRAD HASSIN -- THE SWAHILLI CHIEFTAN!



HE HAS CONSOLIDATED MANY OF THE NOMAD TRIBES OF THIS REGION. HE IS AN ANIMAL -- BENT ON IMPOSSIBLE CONQUEST!

I KNOW, HE AND HIS BAND ATTACKED MY COMPANY FOUR DAYS AGO. I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR.



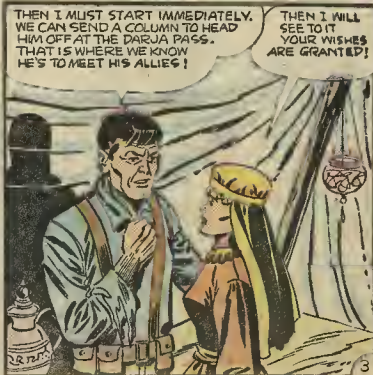
SILYANA -- WILL YOU GIVE ME A SWIFT STALLION AND SAFE CONDUCT TO MY FORT? WE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO STOP KOFRAD!

YES -- ANYTHING TO BE FREE OF HIS YOKE!



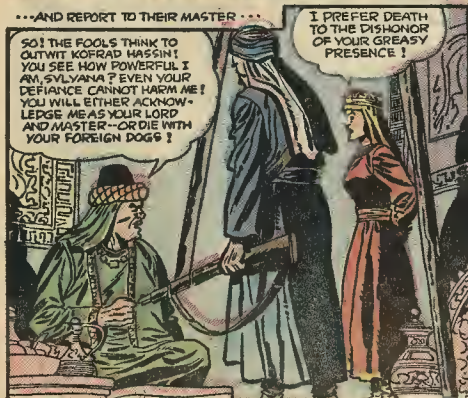
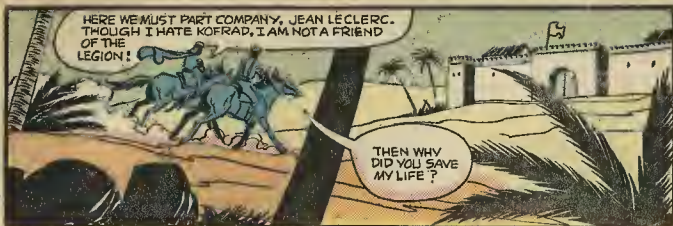
THEN I MUST START IMMEDIATELY. WE CAN SEND A COLUMN TO HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DARJIA PASS. THAT IS WHERE WE KNOW HE'S TO MEET HIS ALLIES!

THEN I WILL SEE TO IT YOUR WISHES ARE GRANTED!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

RIDING
FURIOUSLY,
THE GRIM
LEGIONNAIRE
SOON
REACHED
THE FORT..



CAPTAIN GALLANT

BUT UNKNOWN TO KOFRAD HASSIN, JEAN LECLERC HAS ASKED FOR SCOUT DUTY, AND...

KOFRAD'S ARMY- CIRCLING AROUND DARJA PASS INSTEAD OF HEADING INTO IT! HE'S BEEN WARNED!



LOSING NO TIME THE GRIM LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS COLUMN. BUT NO SOONER HAD HE REACHED HALF-WAY...

HOLD, LEGIONNAIRE! MY CHIEFTANESS HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY KOFRAD!

WHERE IS SHE--QUICK!



NORTH OF HERE--AT THE LASRUIN OASIS, ONLY I ESCAPED! THE REST WERE CAPTURED!

LISTEN TO ME! I WANT YOU TO WARN MY COMMANDANT THAT KOFRAD IS PLANNING A RUDE AT THE PASS--THAT HE KNOWS OUR PLANS. TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED SO THAT HE'LL BELIEVE YOU!



WHAT OF MY CHIEFTANESS?

I'M GOING TO HER, NOW. TELL MY COMMANDANT TO ATTACK KOFRAD AT THE PASS AS SOON AS HE HEARS THREE SHOTS!



KNOWING THAT KOFRAD'S MEN LEFT BEHIND WOULD NOT EXPECT STRANGE VISITORS, THE PLUCKY LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS ENTRY INTO KOFRAD'S TENT...

JEAN--! HOW--?

ONE OF YOUR MEN FOUND ME! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! ARE YOUR MEN WILLING TO FIGHT FOR YOU?



---TO THE DEATH! WHY?

I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY! RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO FREE THEM AND OVERPOWER KOFRAD'S MEN!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE FIGHT WAS FURIOUS AND SHORT-LIVED, MINUTES LATER, AS THEY RACED TOWARDS THE PASS ...

IT IS WELL TO APPROACH KOFRAD FROM HIS LEFT FLANK! HE WILL NOT BE EXPECTING ATTACK FROM THIS DIRECTION!



GIVING HIS SIGNAL, JEAN LECLERC AND HIS SMALL BAND OF FIGHTERS CHARGED!

THAT ACCURSED SHE-DEVIL! SO BE IT!



NOW CAME A BATTLE-TO-THE-DEATH!

SO--AN INFIDEL LEADS YOU, SILYANA? I WILL SOON PUT AN END TO HIM!

YOUR DAYS OF TYRANNY ARE OVER!



HE IS FINISHED, SILYANA!

AND LOOK! YOUR LEGION APPROACHES!



AND AFTERWARDS ...

WILL YOU NOT COME WITH ME, JEAN? I WILL MAKE YOU GENERAL OF MY ARMIES--AND GUARDIAN OF MY HEART!

I CAN'T, SILYANA. MY DUTY IS HERE! BUT PERHAPS SOME DAY!



THEN I SHALL BE WAITING, MY BRAVE ONE! FAREWELL!

FAREWELL, SILYANA. SOME DAY, PERHAPS, WHO KNOWS? IT'S THE WILL OF THE LEGION!



THE END.

CAPTAIN GALLANT

Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

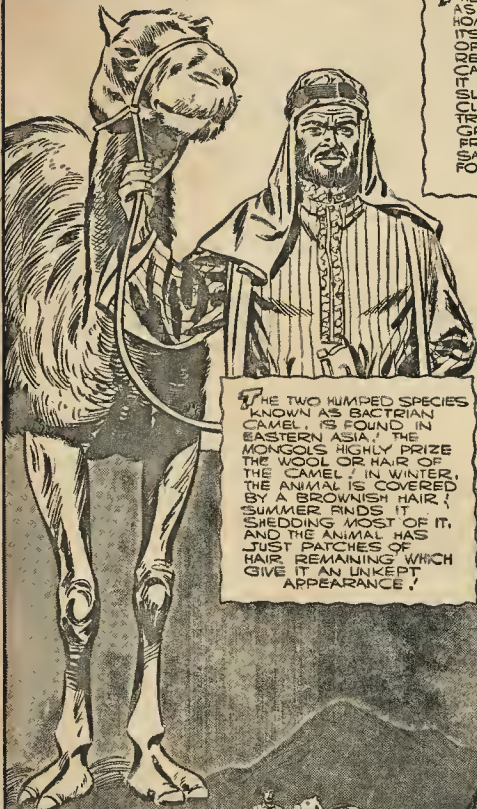
BUSTER
CRABBE

CUFFY

HI! KIDS... SEE
US IN ACTION
EVERY WEEK ON
TELEVISION!



CAMELS AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THEM



THE SINGLE-HUMPED CAMEL KNOWN AS THE DROMEDARY MAKES ITS HOME IN AFRICA. THE HUMP ON ITS BACK IS A BIG FATTY MASS OF FLESH USED AS A FOOD RESERVOIR FROM WHICH THE CAMEL CAN DRAW FOOD WHEN IT IS NECESSARY. THEIR LONG, SLIT-LIKE NOSTRILS CAN BE CLOSED IN TIMES OF PESTILATING SANDSTORMS. ITS GREAT PADDED FEET KEEP IT FROM SINKING INTO THE SOFT SAND AND ALSO GIVE IT A FIRM FOOTHOLD ON ROUGH STONY LAND.

THE TWO HUMPED SPECIES KNOWN AS BACTRIAN CAMEL, IS FOUND IN EASTERN ASIA. THE MONGOLS HIGHLY PRIZE THE WOOL OR HAIR OF THE CAMEL. IN WINTER, THE ANIMAL IS COVERED BY A BROWNISH HAIR. SUMMER FINDS IT SHEDDING MOST OF IT, AND THE ANIMAL HAS JUST PATCHES OF HAIR REMAINING WHICH GIVE IT AN UNKEPT APPEARANCE.



THE LLAMA OF SOUTH AMERICA IS A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE CAMEL, ALTHOUGH IT HAS NO HUMP. THE LLAMA IS SMALL IN SIZE AND INCAPABLE OF TRANSPORTING HEAVY LOADS. THE NATIVES USE THE VALUABLE WOOL OF THE LLAMA TO WEAVE CLOTH.



